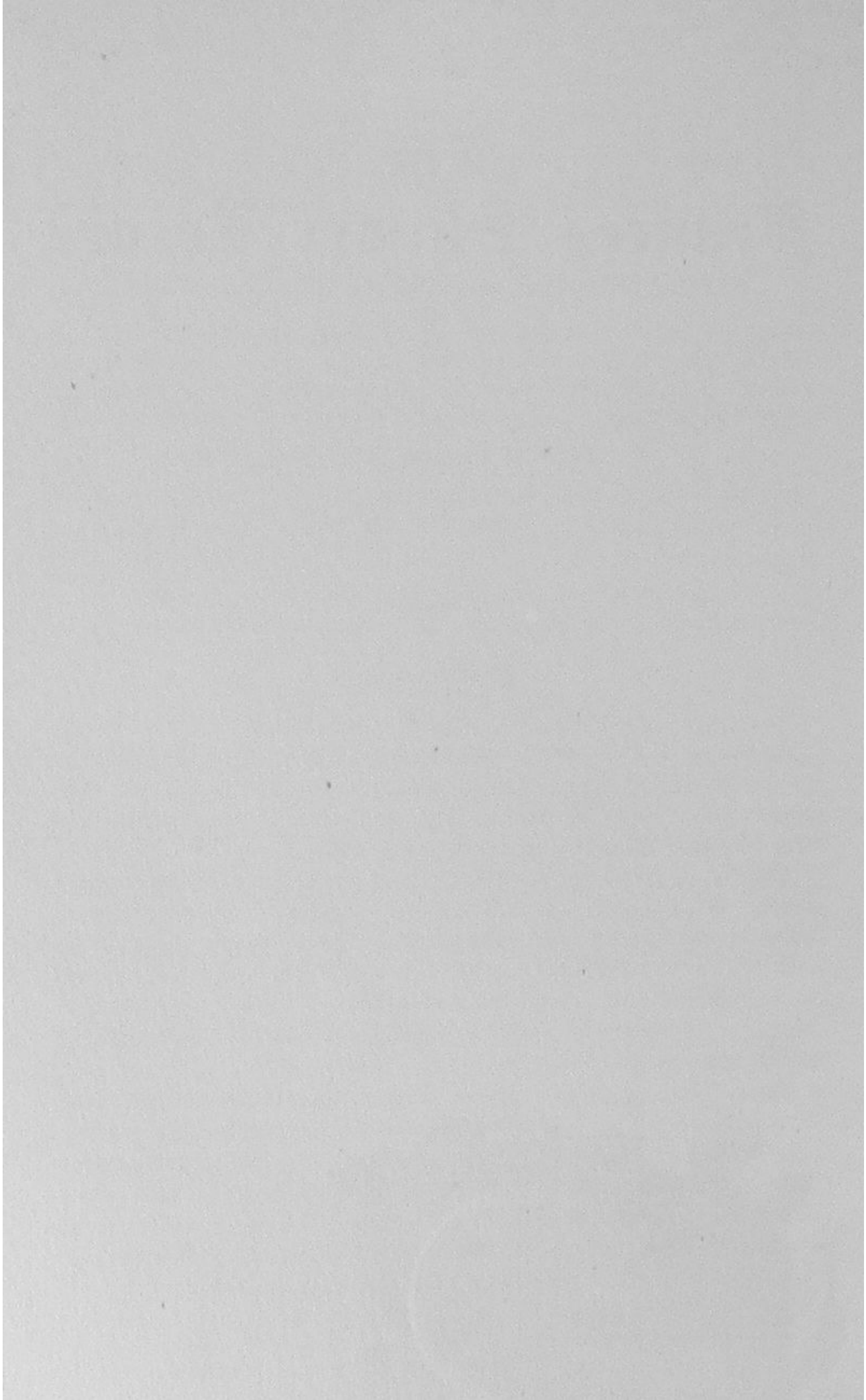


The Frances Shimer Record

October, 1911

Mount Carroll, Illinois



The Frances Shimer Record

(CONTINUING THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY)

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Address all communications to the *Frances Shimer Record*.

The Opening

Old friends especially will scrutinize the appended list of pupils, registered up to October 23, with interest. The number is larger than ever before, and would have been still larger but for lack of space. The comfortable capacity of the buildings is 100 pupils, plus teachers and other helpers. Today we are housing 103 pupils.

The list of pupils includes over thirty graduates of four-year high schools. Nine college courses are now in progress. No work is given under the eighth grade, and that would be discontinued except for the local demand. Seventeen regular instructors are employed, besides two college girls who assist in the eighth-grade work and Emil Liebling, Chicago, visiting director in Piano, who spends a day and an evening at the School every twelve weeks.

The new steam plant is complete, capable of heating twice the number of buildings we now possess. The Trustees will soon be deciding whether to go forward with other buildings. The work demands a Library with better facilities for work in Science. If more pupils are to be received there must be another dormitory. The School has no funds for these enterprises. Many friends of the School are able to supply its needs in these particulars. It is hoped that when the needs are clearly explained,

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the funds may not be withheld. Meantime the School is doing the best work in its history.

The list of pupils is as follows:

Matie Amond	Fort Dodge, Ia.
Ruth E. Anderson	Buda
Kathryn M. Arnold	Paw Paw, Mich.
Mary Grace Baldwin	Lakeview, Kan.
Ruth Estey Baume	Galena
Katherine Barrett	Chicago
Jessie Izil Beers	Mt. Carroll
Neva J. Bell	Urbana
Belle G. Bement	Kilbourn, Wis.
Gladys Mary Bennett	Mt. Carroll
Zelma Irene Benson	Mt. Carroll
Marie V. Berlin	Chicago
Iona Bickelhaupt	Mt. Carroll
Esther S. Birch	Litchfield, Minn.
Adele Blum	Chicago
Margaret Bowen	Chicago
Julia Elizabeth Brittain	Saugatuck, Mich.
Lenna Leota Brown	Mt. Carroll
Helen Louise Buck	Chicago
La Verne Burgan	Ridge Farm
Loren Bush	Mt. Carroll
Winifred Bush	Mt. Carroll
Elaine Winifred Buxton	Oklahoma City, Okla.
Marjorie J. Cannon	Wadsworth
Sylva Cannon	Janesville, Wis.
Maud Anne Cheeseman	Shannon
Mabel Chester	Bloomington
Caryl Cook	Boone, Ia.
Catherine Creager	Kendallville, Ind.
Dorothy Creager	Kendallville, Ind.
Margaret Creager	Kendallville, Ind.
Helen Jean Cribb	Minneapolis, Minn.
Bertha Bartlett Crone	Dupuyer, Mont.
Celestine McCulloch Dahmen	Chicago
Bernice Daly	Sanborn, Ia.
Elizabeth Blanche Day	Chicago
Helen Marguerite Dodson	Mt. Carroll
Mabel Maud Dougherty	Evanston
Carlos Eacker	Mt. Carroll
Drusie Emily Elliott	Vinton, Ia.
Florence Engelbrecht	Mt. Carroll
Ruth Salome Foster	Mt. Carroll
Elsie Frye	Davenport, Ia.
Gladys Funk	Shirley
Ada Gamble	Hanover
Kathryn Garrettson	San Diego, Cal.
Helen Geisman	Shannon
Janet O. Gilbert	Dixon
Laurel Elaine Gillogly	Mt. Carroll
Lottie Irene Grant	Drakesville, Ia.
Stella Grau	Muscatine, Ia.
Carolyn Marie Green	Peoria
Ann Blanche Grimes	Crawfordsville, Ind.
Luvia Velma Groves	Savanna
Dorothy Grupe	Burlington, Ia.
Marie Christiana Guenzler	Mt. Carroll

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Glee L. Hastings	Spencer, Ia.
Ruth J. Hastings	Spencer, Ia.
Etna M. Hause	Mt. Carroll
Arlene Cathryn Hausen	Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Lois Elsie Hellier	Tampico
Veda Ogden Herbst	Algona, Ia.
Louise Mae Hillebrand	Speer
Lucile Helen Hirsch	Archbold, Ohio
Bertha G. Hoefer	Freeport
Charmion Holbert	Greeley, Ia.
Mabel Lloyd Hughes	Gurnee
Helen Lue Huntoon	Chicago
Helen Louise Hurley	Mt. Carroll
Ruth Jean Innes	Chicago
Mildred Irwin	Quincy
Tillie Evelyn Keller	Mt. Carroll
Rose Christiana Kopf	Chicago
Madge Carpenter Lamb	Mt. Carroll
Doris Mildred Leach	Minneapolis, Minn.
Ruth Levy	Archbold, Ohio
Vivian Lowrey	Pomeroy, Ia.
Winifred McClure	Chrisman
May Elizabeth McCumber	Chicago
Margaret Elizabeth McKee	Mt. Carroll
Emily F. Maloney	Savanna
Vesta Martin	Coldwater, Mich.
Vera Meneilley	Minneapolis, Minn.
Mary Emily Merritt	Duluth, Minn.
Margaret Lucy Middlekauff	Lanark
Elizabeth Florentine Middleton	Oak Park
Harriet Madge Middleton	Oak Park
Dorothy Miles	Mt. Carroll
Elizabeth Miles	Mt. Carroll
Louise Miles	Savanna
Nathaniel Miles	Mt. Carroll
Marguerite Morris	Redfield, S.D.
Bonnie Jean Mumper	Quincy
Nora Lucile Nay	Morgan Park
Mihoye Nobuhara	Okayama, Japan
Hester Nolan	Fort Bliss, Tex.
Edna Olaison	Chicago
Amy Opdycke	Cordova
Esther Pitzele	Chicago
Alice Virginia Platt	Waterloo, Ia.
Elda May Platt	Waterloo, Ia.
Sophia Harlan Pool	Louisville, Ky.
Lucile B. Porter	Galena
Olive Reedy	Mt. Carroll
Charlotte Mary Rice	Thomson
Mabel Richardson	Mt. Carroll
Erma Runyan	Des Moines, Ia.
Miriam Lucile Sampson	Galena
Lenore Alice Schultz	Alden, Ia.
Mary Azalia Seaman	Mitchell, S.D.
Gertrude Katherine Shaw	Lee Center
Ruth E. Shumway	Wakefield, Neb.
Lillian Elizabeth Siedenburgh	Mt. Carroll
Evelyn P. Simpson	Mandan, N.D.
Elizabeth Lillian Sjolholm	Chicago
Frances May Smith	Stockton
Gladys Dean Smith	Oak Park

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Muriel F. Smith	Romeo, Mich.
Neta Snook	Mt. Carroll
Hazel Snyder	Salt Lake City, Utah
Charlotte Stiefel	Angola, Ind.
Julia Cecil Sword	Mt. Carroll
Marjorie Tallman	Lanark
Marion Threshie	Dunlap
Hope Adiene Tower	Mendota
Lorena Tuttle	Spencer, Ia.
Edith Wayland	Girard, Kan.
Julia Wayland	Girard, Kan.
Marie Weidman	Mt. Carroll
Melanie Weill	Chicago
Gladys Weld	Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Marjorie Smith Whiffen	Chicago
Alix M. White	Omaha, Neb.
Jessamine Whittlesey	Gilmore City, Ia.
Catherine Brady Wiemer	Peoria
Lucy Wimer	Lanark
Clare Marie Winger	Chicago
Marjorie Wingert	Dixon
Grace Wolf	Lanark
Pearl Wood	Mt. Carroll
Dorothy Wright	Columbia, S.D.

Total, 141; house pupils, 104; day pupils, 37 (October 23, 1911).

First Impressions

FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL, MT. CARROLL, ILL.,
September 26, 1911

DEAR BESSIE:

I should have written to you sooner to dispel that last unfavorable impression I left with you, but the first week was such a busy time that I put off writing until I should have more leisure. I have to laugh every time I think of how I dreaded the opening of school. Of course, this life is not all "a bed of roses," but I am having a good time and working hard. I suppose you want to hear all the details, so prepare yourself for the worst.

My first class is English V at 8:15, and oh, how I hate the thoughts of that early class all winter! English is going to be frightfully hard—it is exactly like a course given at the University of Chicago. I am glad of that, because I want to get credit for all the work I do here, when I go somewhere else—if I ever do. We are studying English essayists now. Your work this year will be along that same line, but not so exhaustive as we are having. Tell Miss Smith I appreciate all that work in theme-writing and outlining that I disliked to do; we have either one or the other almost every day.

Trigonometry comes next. I am very fortunate in possessing a mathematical mind, so "Trig.," although it takes a long time, does not worry me much.

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Everyone is obliged to attend chapel, which comes at 10:30. I have a front seat—not because I need special attention, but because I am a College girl. Every Friday there is something special—usually music, I think. Last Friday one of the town boys played a trombone solo, "The Lost Chord." It made me think of the anthem my last Sunday evening at church.

I have French I immediately after lunch. Beginning French is really a preparatory study, but I expect it to count for College work. It is very easy—much more so than German. Pronunciation is very confusing.

German III is last on my program for the day. We are reading a play, and have two grammar lessons a week, much as we did in high school last year. I have some difficulty in talking. I suppose "Herr Miller" converses with you very freely. I only wish I had had more practice.

I take three fifteen-minute vocal lessons a week. (That reminds me, I ought to be practicing now.) Miss Howard is a splendid teacher. I only sing "la, la," at present, but you may expect to see me a famous prima donna in a few years. Seriously, though, I hope you people at home will see an improvement by Christmas time.

The catalogue tells that the "social life is not neglected," and it isn't. The only real party we have had so far was a "Who's Who" party the first Saturday night. One of the old girls took four of us in charge and introduced us to almost everybody, it seemed to me. We filled out cards like dance programs and found partners for five-minute conversations on "Faculty," "Spreads," "Crushes," "Bluffing," and "Boys." Then came "My Divinity" ice cream, and cakes for refreshments. Just for a bluff one girl asked whose fault it was that the mints were not served. Some were credulous enough to rush to the cupboard to find them, but I guess they found what Mother Hubbard did.

I am going to start to play basket-ball today. I hope I am not put on the team with the beginners, for I have played basket-ball before, even if I am a new girl.

I have so many letters to write that I really must not make this one any longer. I hope I have made F.S.S. seem so attractive that you will want to come here next year. I know you would like it.

Write to me often, won't you? A letter from home is the nicest thing that happens here.

Love to the girls from

LOUISE J. MILES

The Clerk's Soliloquy

(Suggested by Chaucer)

I really wish these people would be more quiet so that I could read a little more of Aristotle. When the company of the great and learned can be had for the asking, by the perusal of their immortal works, what is the value of such frivolous companionship as this? All they do is to gossip and tell senseless tales of love and adventure.

The knight is a worthy man. There are very few such honourable and chivalrous men in these days. And yet, in spite of all his battles and campaigns, the knight is not conceited or arrogant. His son would not be so blithe if he had been compelled to cherish every spare penny, in order to acquire a little learning. Would that I had some of the gold he has wasted on expensive clothes to add to my store of books!

Madame Eglentyne is a model of what every nun should be. Lucky are the school girls who come under her supervision. They would not be coarse, talkative, ill-bred women like the wife of Bath. I like the nun's clear, grey eyes, but especially I admire her broad, intellectual-looking forehead.

The monk and the friar are worthy churchmen, but, considering their calling, they do not take life seriously enough. What a dearth of learning there would be if all monks had spent their time in following the greyhounds, instead of faithfully studying in their cloisters. The monk is an ornament to his profession, however, and the friar, to say the least, is a very popular man.

Sometimes I wish I had more acquaintances. My own intimate friends seem to be weary of assisting me to gain more knowledge. If only my philosophy would find for me the philosopher's stone!

The parson is the true shepherd of his people, the unselfish guardian of his parish. How different he is from the worldly monk and friar, who care more for their own enjoyment than for the preaching of the gospel! Nothing keeps the parson from doing his duty. He is one of the best possible models of the Christian life, an example worthy of being emulated by all. I like men who do not care entirely for their own comfort and indulgence. The parson would sympathize with a poor struggling clerk like myself.

Now that jovial and too self-important landlord has disturbed my train of thought and insists on my joining in the story-telling. I know the majority of the company would not appreciate a really elevating story, but I shall do my best to entertain them.

GLEE HASTINGS

Uniform Dress for School Girls

My ideal boarding-school would have a uniform dress for girls. Although this way of dressing would have some disadvantages, I think it would have even more advantages.

The uniform should be dark and serviceable. A dark blue linen Peter-Thompson for warm weather and a blue serge one for cold weather, would be my choice. Each girl should also have a white linen and a white serge dress of the same style for dinner wear. Besides these uniform dresses, I think it would be very nice if the girls could have one or two party dresses of any style they preferred.

The foremost advantage in uniform dress is comfort. The uniform would be chosen by people who know what would be most comfortable for the girls and also most suitable for the different kinds of weather. If girls were required to wear certain uniforms on certain days, they could not put on clothes too thin for cold weather. Consequently there would not be as many colds or so much illness among the girls as there is now.

A second advantage is that the uniform brings all girls to the same level, both the rich and those not so well circumstanced in life. The best dressed girl often considers herself popular, and, perhaps, expects to be favored by the teachers. If all had uniforms, the poorer girl would know she had as much chance to be at the front as the wealthy girl.

A third advantage in uniform dress is, that if the girls had uniforms, they would be found to be much more studious. This point may be disputed, but if one considers the question he will remember that thoughts of clothes come first in the minds of a great many girls. Almost any time, one can hear girls saying, "Oh, what shall I wear today?" or "I just don't know what to put on this evening." If they had a uniform and had this thought of clothes off their minds, then their thoughts would naturally turn to the next subject at hand, which would probably be studies.

Some people might say that a uniform would be more expensive than the clothes a girl usually wears and that some of the poorer girls could not afford it. But if someone were to count up how much money a moderately well-dressed girl spends on her clothes, during one year at boarding-school, this person, I am sure, would find that the uniform before mentioned would cost no more, for much more money is spent for ribbons, ties, velvet, fancy collars, and such frills than one realizes until it is counted up.

Other people might say a uniform makes a girl conspicuous; but, on the other hand, I think it keeps the girl from being so. A girl wearing a neatly tailored dark uniform will not attract attention nearly as much as one wearing a hobble skirt or tight skirt or such gay colors as some girls wear now.

Thus I can picture my ideal boarding-school girl, wearing a well-fitting dark blue Peter-Thompson dress, which is becoming to her whether she be dark or fair. She is strong, healthy, comfortable, and studious and she does not consider the question whether she is popular or not, for she knows that all the girls around her are, so far as dress is concerned, her equals and nothing more.

LUCILE NAY

The Girl Who is Always Late

Wherever you are, you can find her—

The girl who is always late.

She may be ever so charming:

So perhaps we are willing to wait.

She is last to the classroom and chapel;

She is late to her luncheon as well—

The girl never lacks in excuses.

It may be, the fault's with the bell.

We love her, this tardy young maiden,

Her life seems so placid, sublime,

Yet we'd love her more, and more truly

If we ever should find her "on time."

JULIA SWORD, COLLEGE

Woolly Willy's First Journey

William Dahmen, Jr., more commonly known as Woolly Willy, was a small, black and white French poodle, of whom I had the good fortune to be mistress. He lived to be only two years old; but his life was one not lacking in experiences, as the following example will prove.

On a rainy October evening of the year nineteen hundred and nine, father, mother, Woolly Willy, and myself boarded a train leaving for Cincinnati. Owing to the prohibition against dogs on the train, the fourth member of our party was promptly hidden under the seat which my parents occupied, and was given orders to "lie down." Now, as we all know, dogs have the annoying habit of barking at the slightest sounds; and William Dahmen, Jr., was no exception to the rule. Just

at the time when the conductor came to collect the tickets, a young man, who was seated across the aisle from us, began a series of violent sneezing. Instantly a small, black head came to view, and a rousing "Bow! Wow! Wow!" was heard through the entire length of the car. Our fellow-passengers considered the incident exceedingly amusing; and, fortunately, the conductor agreed with them; so the small canine offender was permitted to remain unmolested.

Our train pulled into the Cincinnati depot about 9:30 P.M.; and, owing to some mistake in date, no one met us, so we started off alone. We were obliged to wait for a considerable length of time before a car stopped; but, even then, our stay on *that* street-car was of very short duration, for, when its conductor espied the unlucky Woolly Willy, he put us all off; and the entire Dahmen family found themselves standing on the curbstone again.

A council followed. The final decision was to send to the nearest store in quest of a contrivance large enough to hold our precious puppy. As it was Saturday evening, the groceries were still open and a few minutes later we were in possession of a large market-basket into which Woolly Willy was promptly packed, with father's overcoat on top to cover all traces of him.

After this, we were once more ready to try our luck at reaching our destination. When the next car arrived, mother and I stepped inside but my father remained on the rear platform with the basket, so that, in case the contents attempted to identify itself by means of lively activeness, there would be no electric light to aid in the revelation.

All went well until we reached the place where we were obliged to transfer; then it was that I witnessed a very ludicrous sight. The instant the street-car came to a stop, my father jumped off, hastily deposited that indispensable market-basket on the edge of the sidewalk, and came back to us to help with the baggage. In the meantime the small hero of this story, tired of his limited quarters, moved and the next moment market-basket, overcoat, and poodle formed a rolling heap in the middle of the street, in full view of the street-car conductor and the passengers who were standing on the platform. Everybody laughed except the conductor and no words can ever be half adequate enough to describe the expression of amazement and indignation on the latter's face.

We reached our friend's home that night without further interruption and decided that, in spite of everything, William Dahmen, Jr., was still very precious.

CELESTINE DAHMEN

An Old House

On some land which my father bought in California, an old house was left standing in which for years no one had lived.

We went out there one sunny afternoon to pick some peaches and apricots, but I soon deserted my task and went to explore the house. The outside of it looked barren indeed. In the days of its prosperity it had been white, but the action of sun, wind, and rain had colored it a dirty grayish brown. The weeds and vines grew up in tangled confusion around the low, wide-spreading porch, while the high grasses and the débris of years almost covered the two or three half-broken steps.

I walked in, for the latch on the door was broken, and found myself in a large, square room, entirely empty except for a little old dilapidated table in one corner.

I went across the room to a door, opened it, and was surprised at being confronted by a steep stairway. I thought I would like to become acquainted with the lower story first, so I went through another door into a room that looked as if it had once been a kitchen, for there was a screened-in pantry on one side, and on the other the stairs that led down cellar.

The steps were rickety, but I managed to get down into the small, damp-smelling hole, which was lighted by a tiny square window covered with spider webs and dust. There was a large box filled with old bottles and cans in one corner, while the rest of the cellar was decorated rather grotesquely with brooms, mops, and tin pails that had seen their best days years before. As I made my way back into the bright light of day, I wondered who had lived in this house.

The upper story was somewhat less gruesome because the sunshine crept in through the dusty windows and, in a measure, revived my spirits after the chill of the cold, dark cellar. The bedrooms were all more or less alike, and were empty of furniture. As I wandered from room to room, my steps echoed back and forth as if the walls were calling to each other in surprise at being disturbed after their long period of solitude.

RUTH SHUMWAY

Scenes in a Local Train

"All aboard," shouted the conductor, and we waved a last good-bye to our friends after spending a happy week with them at a house party. We had to ride about twenty miles in a local train, on "the

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Dinky," as it was nicknamed, before we changed to a through train which would carry us home.

First, in came the conductor to take our tickets. He was short and stout—a German, I think—with a pompous air as if he felt the importance of his position.

After we were nicely settled we began to notice our fellow-passengers. Directly in front of us sat an elderly gentlemen with a little girl. Our attention was first attracted to them by the never-ending string of questions the child insisted upon asking and having answered. The poor old gentleman was vainly trying to read his newspaper.

Across the aisle from us sat an elderly couple, from whose conversation with a lady in front of them we learned that they lived in Hyler-ville and were going to surprise their son who lived in Springfield. The old gentleman had once been tall and straight, but now his shoulders were stooped as if he had borne many burdens. He had snow-white hair, and kind blue eyes which would sparkle and glow when talking about his boy. The lady was surely one of those delightful aunts, who live in the country—of whom we read so much in stories—one who keeps a cooky jar, and a pantry shelf full of goodies: one in whom we could confide, when in trouble, and feel sure of being comforted.

At one of the stations a lady with two children entered the train. The children—a boy and a girl—were about eight or ten years of age and looked enough alike to be twins. First there was a scramble to get the seat next to the window. After parleying for a few minutes the boy was persuaded to sit on the opposite side of the car in a vacant seat, and all went well for awhile. Soon the newsboy came through the car with his basket of candies and fruits, which is so tempting to children, and at once they both began to clamor for something to eat; one wanted peppermint candy and the other, peanuts. Their appetites appeased, they again became interested in the scenery out of the windows but kept up a running stream of questions and remarks.

At the next station a lady in the rear of the car got off. She seemed very nervous and worried for fear she would leave some of her bundles. She counted and recounted to see if she had them all until at last the train stopped, and after one more look to see that she had left no packages on the seat she left the train.

At the next station we changed trains, and although the local trains are not very comfortable we had enjoyed our short ride and had become interested in the many different types of people—good examples of the people often met in everyday life.

IRENE GRANT

Sunday in a Seventh-Day Adventist's Home

At five o'clock the boiler is sizzling on the stove and the incessant hum of clattering dishes and empty milk cans indicate that the week's work is begun in this Seventh-Day Adventist's home. Beyond the cornfield the smoke can be seen slowly ascending from the huge chimneys of Hilliard's brick and tile works. The owner is considered the most devout member of the small congregation, and Sunday is the busiest day of the week for the big factory.

Hiram and the master start early for the fields, for the sun is fast rising and the atmosphere foretells a heavy, sultry day. Little John and Mary may slumber late this morning for there are no studies or Sunday school to hinder, but poor Sarah is dragged from her heavy sleep to prepare Hiram's lunch, and perform the many duties that make Sunday to her the hardest day of all.

At twelve, dinner is carried in the big pails to the hired laborers and the father in the field. What is left is placed upon the table for mother and the small children. Sarah prefers to eat as she prepares for the rest.

Then, for the next three or four hours, work reigns supreme over the entire house, for even the youngest has tasks set before him. At last, when mother takes the wicker rocker and the week's family darning out onto the small veranda, each one knows it is time for rest.

John and Mary play horse, or some such childish game, and Sarah takes her straw hat and starts for her friend's home, probably three-quarters of a mile distant, for she does not enjoy books, and embroidery too closely resembles work.

Supper and the work are soon over, the repast consisting only of corn-meal mush and milk and perhaps a spoonful of honey from the farm hives.

Later, father, mother, and the hired man start with the old dapple to a neighboring farm on business, for the report that the Adventist preacher and his wife are soon to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding has been cast abroad and the members of the church are anticipating preparing a great surprise for them.

Sarah, who is left to mind her younger brothers and sisters, after striking a few chords on the wheezy little organ, lights a lamp and leads the children to bed. Thus ends this Adventist Sunday.

RUTH HASTINGS

A Temple in Japan

Most of the Japanese are believers in these three religions: Buddhism, Christianity, and Shintoism. In Shintoism there are numerous deities like those of ancient Greece, commonly spoken of as "the eight hundred myriads of gods." The Sun-goddess, the Imperial ancestors, and great poets, scholars, warriors, statesmen, and patriots are all worshiped.

One of the temples in which a great emperor and his wife are honored by the people is the temple nearest to my home. The architecture of Shinto shrines is characterized by great simplicity. The entrance is made through a kind of gateway, the roof covered with shingles and the torii are made of trunks of fir trees with the bark removed. At the entrance of the temple there are two large stone basins on each side, at the left and right, for every worshiper, before he approaches the god, washes his hands and rinses his mouth with the holy water, then bows his head and claps his hands. Numerous pieces of paper on which are written a person's name, address, and age are pasted around on the walls of the shrine, as he desires to cure his sickness or misfortunes.

The day of celebration is the twenty-fifth of October. On this day all schools and offices have a holiday. The same evening twenty or thirty strong young men gather in the town or village. These people must take a cold bath in the stream which runs beside the temple and then change their clothes to snow-white thin dresses. They try one after another to make a fire by rubbing together two pieces of hard wood. Often it takes only a few hours; sometimes they try until the next morning. If it takes so long the young people take cold baths four or five times in the chilly autumn night, but they never take cold. As soon as they get fire, they ring the bell and beat the drum so that the whole village and town people can hear. On this night each family places lights on the god shelf and wishes to hear the bell soon. According to superstition they say, "If it takes too long to get fire, it is unlucky."

On the celebration day they cook rice and *amasake* (rice-beer) by means of the holy fire, which the young people made. The priests, who wear a distinctive black dress and hat, offer the rice, *amasake*, fruit, vegetables, fish, and other articles of food first to the god; then to the people who assemble at the temple, men and women, young and old. They say, "If they taste the holy food they will be very healthy." In the afternoon of this day there is a long procession. The sacred

car is brought out and many young men accompany it, walking before or behind the car, holding long flags. Joyful music also accompanies it. In the evening at the temple there are until midnight most interesting religious dances which I cannot explain here.

MIHOE NOBUHARA

The Story of a Kimona

It was a beautiful kimona, made of lavender silk, heavily embroidered with silver and gold dragons. Madge loved her kimona, not only for its intrinsic value, but for the romance that still seemed to linger in its silky folds, like the joint aroma of sandalwood and cherry blossoms. Madge's uncle, while traveling in Japan, had purchased the garment from a missionary and had brought it home to her. Sitting before the fireplace, when the flames cast fantastic shadows on the walls, Madge often dreamed of the little Japanese girl who had lovingly, skilfully wrought the golden embroidery, the little girl who had stitched her own airy dreams into the dainty fabric.

Tiu-San had spent the whole of her life in a little village, far up among the hills. As her father was one of the wealthiest men of the community, all Tiu-San did, the whole day long, was to superintend the servants of the household and attend to her flower garden. In her spare moments she sewed, oftentimes on the robe that would some day be her wedding gown. She led a very peaceful, happy existence, until one day the news came that her beloved country was threatened by war. The little village was electrified by the news. The ever-present patriotism of every loyal Japanese heart was aroused.

A few days later, leaning on the shoulder of her old father, who was far too feeble to endure the rigors of a military campaign, Tiu-San watched the little company of soldiers depart. Her lover was among them, but although Tiu-San's heart ached at the thought of possible calamity, she bravely smiled and waved her adieux until the last soldier had vanished from sight.

The days and weeks that followed were long and dreary. Sometimes the suspense was almost unendurable, and at such times Tiu-San would take out her kimona and work away until hope again brightened her eyes, and the future looked pleasant once more. At last the kimona was finished, and one eventful day Tiu-San put it carefully away in her sandalwood treasure-box.

Bad news came from the front—the sturdy little soldiers were meeting with reverses. Every afternoon the girls and women in the village met and made articles of clothing for the comfort of their sol-

diers. It seemed to Tiu-San that she must make some personal offering, that her contributions of money alone were not sufficient. She must sacrifice something she loved and help appease the wrath of the gods. She knew what it was she loved most dearly—her dream kimona.

She went to her chest, took out the robe, and carried it to the missionary in the village. Tears filled her eyes, as she asked the missionary to sell it for her, so that she might do something for her country. The missionary readily consented to the plan, and, with a heart full of exultant patriotism, Tiu-San returned home. That evening the news came that her lover had been killed. Tiu-San's sacrifice had been of no avail, she had hesitated too long, and the revenge of the gods had been swift.

GLEE HASTINGS

The Kodak

I've traveled much in foreign lands,
O'er mountain, plain, and sea;
I've pictured every tiny rill
That ever hoped to be.
Not what the world would like to seem
But as it is, I view—
And as a truthful mirror, then
I bring it back to you.
My work is never proud displayed
In costly studios;
But many men would gladly glean
What this one kodak knows.

JULIA SWORD, College

A Sunday Ball Game

While on a visit one summer I became highly enthused over baseball, never missing an opportunity to attend the national game. On one occasion I was introduced to a young gentleman in the neighborhood of fifteen or sixteen years who was noted for being the village fan, and as girl enthusiasts were rare in that section he immediately invited me to attend the Saturday game.

Saturday came but, alas, it was pouring down rain, and when three o'clock came and it still continued to pour our hopes were dashed to the ground and we gave it up, not without a great deal of lamentation.

The next day as we were at dinner the telephone bell rang and on answering I found it to be none other than my friend of the day before, William. He had called up to find out if I would go car riding with him that afternoon, and after gaining my aunt's consent I told him I would be ready when he came.

At three o'clock William arrived. The whole family was seated on the porch as he came up the walk wearing that painful look of self-consciousness so natural to boys who have just entered upon the "long trousers" age.

"Where do you children intend to ride?" was my aunt's first question as he stepped upon the porch.

"Oh, I guess we'll go out to Hickman Park to the band concert," was William's innocent reply, as we walked off.

As soon as we got out of sight and hearing of the family William said, "Say, I have two tickets for the ball game this afternoon; let's go."

"But, William," I said rather doubtfully, "you know girls don't go to the game on Sunday."

"Oh yes, they do," said William reassuringly, "I heard our cook say this morning that she was going."

"Well, that's exactly what I mean. No one but cooks and shop girls go, and besides, Aunt Bell would have a fit if I should go."

"Oh, come on. Aunt Bell will never know the difference. We'll tell her that we went to the band concert, and she won't ask any questions."

"Maybe you think she won't," I said; but finding it useless to argue against William, I at last consented to the arrangement, and not giving me time to change my mind he hailed a car with "Baseball Sunday, Eclipse Park" on a sign on the front.

I have had many strange feelings, but I don't believe I have ever had such an out-of-place feeling before in my life. I sat in the car, my eyes riveted to the back of the seat in front of me, afraid to turn my head, for fear of seeing someone I knew or someone who knew me and would tell Aunt Bell. William chattered on but I doubt if I heard a word he said, so engrossed was I in my thoughts.

When we got off the car and started toward the entrance to the park, I took courage and raised my eyes to look around. Such a crowd I never saw before. Of course there was the usual crowd of men who frequent the Sunday ball games, but the women—I felt as if I would have been a great deal more in harmony with my surroundings if I had purchased a package of chewing gum. However, I did not strive to be in harmony but sat there in the hot sun, afraid to look either to right or left of me, while dear little William, utterly unconscious of his surroundings and entirely forgetful of me, stood up and shouted, "Kill the umpire!" at the same time nearly killing me by jumping up and down on the seat and jarring my head.

Oh, the agony of those long two hours spent in that grand stand! If I held my head up the sun was in my eyes. If I held it down, the sun

burned the back of my neck, so I sat there with one hand over my eyes and the other holding my handkerchief over the back of my neck. But all things come to an end, for better or *worse*, and just as I was about to implore William to take me back to my happy home there was a series of loud shouts and the game was over. It was the happiest moment of my youthful career when we took our seats in the car homeward bound.

The excitement of the game over, William began to think with some trepidation of what we would tell my aunt upon our arrival.

"Now are you sure you didn't see anyone you knew?" he asked with some concern.

"Er—," I stammered, "I really don't know. The fact is, I didn't look around very much."

"Well, why didn't you look around anyhow?" he asked. "I never saw anything like you. Why, I believe you are sorry you came."

"Oh no, I am not at all," I cheerfully answered him, "I had a perfectly lovely time. Let's go again some time," but heavens! what an effort it was to say it.

"Now have you got the story we are to tell all fixed smoothly?" William asked.

"Yes, I think so, but—"

"But what?"

"Suppose they ask us what kind of music they played at the concert?"

"Oh that's easy enough. What do they always play at those concerts? Back numbers, nothing but back numbers, 'Star Spangled Banner,' 'America,' and all those old pieces."

About this time the car stopped and we got off and walked a trifle reluctantly in the direction of my aunt's home.

"Holy cats!" exclaimed William, "the whole blamed family are out on the porch. Say! haven't they any chairs in the house? Gee! but I wish we didn't have to go in now."

"Well, we have to, for they have already seen us, so come on."

"My, but you children have been gone a long time," my aunt said as we entered the gate, "where have you been?"

"Oh, we went to the band concert, Mrs. M.," said truthful little William, "and you ought to have been there for they played such pretty music, and you are so fond of music too."

"What did they play, William?" asked my uncle in a peculiar tone.

"Oh, the 'Star Spangled Banner,' 'Annie Laurie,' 'America,' and lots of other pretty music," said William.

"Well, William, I am glad to ascertain that your taste in music is not as depraved as it is in some other things," said my uncle in a stern voice.

"Wh-what do you mean, Mr. M.?" asked William in a far from cheerful tone.

"Well, I was at the concert and I happen to know that those pieces were not among those which were played, and moreover, I know that you were not there."

"Why, Mr. M., didn't you see us? We were over on a bench pretty far away from the band stand."

"Yes, I have no doubt but what you were on a bench and pretty far away from the band stand too, for that matter, for the ball park is nearly half a square away, isn't it?"

"Well, I'll tell you how it was, Mr. M. We really did go to the band concert for a little while and then we heard a noise like a lot of people yelling, and we wanted to find out what it was, so we walked over to the ball park and found that they were having a ball game, so we stayed a while after we got there."

"Yes, I know how long you stayed, William, for it is all over town now and there is no use denying it. So you had better go on home and stay there until you learn how to behave yourself on Sunday afternoon."

Exit William.

The next day while looking over the Sunday paper I came across an advertisement reading: "Baseball Sunday afternoon, Eclipse Park. *Ladies* admitted to the grand stand free of charge"; and was it strange that when my aunt came out a little later she asked who had torn up Sunday's paper?

SOPHIA POOL

Our Own

From the English Department

"Written composition is a thought or thoughts written on paper or other substance."

"Oral composition is a thought or thoughts either spoken aloud or recited to your teacher."

"In regard to spelling it depends greatly on the theme whether you have your words spelled right."

Miss Connor: "Next Tuesday the themes will be due."

Doris: "Dew? My, that's a funny thing to write a theme on!"

Helen H. asked Miss Dixon if she might take her *Lamb's Tales* for the evening.

"At each end of the basket-ball field are baskets seven feet high."

From the Domestic Science Department

"Fat is a consecrated fuel food."

"Proteids are buildifiers."

"It is best to have two stairways and if desired they can connect in an unsightly place."

From the Geometry Class

Miss Payne: "What is geometry?"

Pupil: "Geometry is the space in which we live."

Here and There

F. M.: "Our table eats so much that poor Miss Boyd hasn't time to eat herself."

Marjorie W.: "Charlotte, bring some canned peaches to the midnight spread."

Charlotte: "I guess we'll all be canned peaches in the morning."

Miss Knight: "What technical work did you practice for today?"

Pupil: "The sharp scales in major and their archipelagoes."

Mrs. McKee: "What has the baby in addition to the group of inherited co-ordinations?"

E. W. (quickly): "A voice."

From a grammar test.—"A preposition may take two objects. Example: 'He plays the piano with both hands.'"

Editorials

"What are your daughters singing?" was the theme of an article recently published in a well-known newspaper, and well may the question be asked. How can the American girl of supposedly fine taste, high ideals, and high aspirations sing the songs which she does? If a girl uses bad grammar, the lower forms of slang, and, in other words, talks like a shop girl, she is made fun of by other girls who are her superiors socially and intellectually. Yet these same "superior" girls will constantly indulge in singing the low-down ragtime of the day, which abounds in just such things.

Of course it is not to be expected of a girl that she go about singing sentimental ballads such as "Meet Me Near the Violets Which Grow on Ella's Grave," or "When the Sunflowers Bloom in September, Sweet Susette." The songs from the new light operas are pretty, catchy, and not entirely lacking in musical worth. Why not sing them and let the ragtime alone: in other words, "Forget it."

"What are you going to wear to dinner?" one girl asked of another the other evening.

"Oh, I don't know, and don't care, for that matter. What's the use of dressing up around this place? No one ever notices you," was the answer drawled in a nonchalant and superior manner.

"Well, I don't know about other people, but I always feel so much better when I fix up a little, and besides, I think there are plenty around here to notice your clothes," said the second girl.

How much more sensible was the latter's thought, and how much more sensible a girl she was. One can almost picture them as they enter the dining-room that evening. One simply, but neatly, clad, a pleasant expression on her face; the other hastily pushing up a stray lock of hair as she casts a discontented glance around the room, realizing how much better the other girls look—and feel.

No one around to notice your clothes! How can anyone say that when they are in a school of at least one hundred and fifty girls? And is there anyone who pays more attention to neatness in dress than a girl?

Vesper Services

September 17.—The first Sunday after school opened, the Dean gave a talk on "Work and Progress." His main point was that progress without work is impossible. If a person is not willing to work with the right kind of a spirit, he cannot expect to make progress. One may work and still not progress, but this is because the work is not done in the right way, or because the pupil has not chosen the line of work for which he is best adapted.

September 24.—Miss Payne read very interesting selections from *The Story-Girl*, by L. H. Montgomery.

October 1.—Miss Knight read parts of *The Gathering of Brother Hilarius*, by Michael Fairless, a tale of monastic life in England in the thirteenth century.

October 8.—The first Y.W.C.A. vesper service of the school year was very impressive and attractive and combined parts of the Frances Shimer responsive service with the one for the recognition of new members. Miss Howard sang the "Jesu Miserere" of Nevin. Ann Grimes, president of the Y.W.C.A., presided.

Chapel Exercises

The Dean has given some very helpful suggestions along the line of planning our work and studying, not only for our work here but in preparation for colleges and universities east and west. He told us of a number

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of Frances Shimer girls who have secured advanced standing in western universities this year, while other girls are delayed in entering, through lack of proper combination of academic courses. He has pointed out that work must be well done, and one day he told us how to study. The courses of study, too, must be arranged with some definite plan in view to secure admittance to a chosen school.

The regular Friday exercises have not yet begun. On September 22, however, we were pleased to have a trombone solo by Coleman Miles, shortly before his return to school in Ohio.

Class Organization

There has been unusual delay in organizing classes this year on account of the new rule which asks that the class lists be submitted to the office before organization is considered complete. Freshmen must carry three academic studies, Sophomores must be carrying enough work to secure seven credits by the end of the year, Juniors eleven, and Seniors fifteen. It is expected that this will result in more uniform standing in classes and so promote a more consistent class spirit. So far the list of Junior College girls is the only one which has been approved by the faculty, but the other lists will be completed soon.

Y.W.C.A. Notes

The officers of the Y.W.C.A. for this year are: president, Ann Grimes; vice-president, Margaret Middlekauf; secretary, Marie Berlin; treasurer, Marion Threshie; corresponding secretary, Julia Brittain; chairmen of committees: finance, Marion Threshie; prayer meeting, Mabel Dougherty; intercollegiate, Julia Brittain; missionary and Bible, Mary-Emily Merritt; social, Katherine Garrettson; practical service, Margaret Creager.

The Association will conduct the Vesper Service one Sunday evening in each month and will hold the customary Friday evening prayer meeting. The practical service committee will have occasional sales of cookies and sandwiches to the members of the school family, in order to contribute to the finances of the Association.

On Saturday evening, September 23, the social committee entertained the school at a corn roast. The evening was spent in playing games. Frappé and wafers were also served.

The Association will send delegates to the State Conference to be held at Peoria, November 2-5.

The missionary and Bible-study committees are arranging courses of systematic Bible reading and mission study for the year.

The first meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held in the Chapel, Friday evening, September 22. The president stated the aims of the society, and cordially invited all of the new girls to join. The chairman of each committee told what work her committee was expected to accomplish during the year. Vesta Martin and Jessie Beers gave very pleasing vocal solos.

Sunday evening, October 8, the Y.W.C.A. held a Recognition Service in the chapel. The new members were cordially welcomed and each was presented with a white carnation, the Association flower.

Junior College Notes

The Junior College Department has organized with thirty members, thus doubling last year's number. The following officers were elected: president, Dorothy Creager; secretary and treasurer, Winifred McClure. Miss Hobson was chosen class counselor. The class colors are dark blue and gold and the class flower is the jonquil. On September 16 the college girls gave the "Who's Who" party in College Hall.

The "Who's Who" Party

The Junior College girls gave their annual "Who's Who" party in College Hall parlors, the first Saturday night of the school year. The rooms were decorated with flowers, the general effect being blue and yellow, the class colors. In order that formal introductions might be dispensed with, the new girls wore their visiting cards. A part of the time was spent in playing the game "Conversation," which helped all to become better acquainted, as every girl was able to talk about "Spreads," "Crushes," and "The Faculty." Ice cream and cake were served during the evening.

Exchanges

The *Frances Shimer Quarterly*, under its new name, sends greetings to former exchanges and hopes to see more of them through the coming school year. We go to press so early that we are not yet in receipt of any.

The Scattered Family

Julia Schaale, '07, is studying domestic science at Lewis Institute, Chicago.

Margaret Gage, '11, is taking a course in public-school music in Chicago.

Fern Waffle, '10, is a student at Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Ia., this year.

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Katherine Percy, a pupil in 1907, has recently entered Simmons College, Boston.

Susie Matkin, a pupil in '06-'07, is teaching this year in a state school at Boulder, Mont.

Martha Powell, '09, is teaching again this year in the public schools at Correctionville, Ia.

Alida B. Hopps, class of '10, entered the Chicago Kindergarten College in September.

Bessie Hausen writes from her home in Franklin Grove, Ill., inclosing renewal of subscription.

Frances Roberts is beginning work as a student at Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill.

Vesta Grimes, '11, and Florence Kelly are at Kalamazoo Normal School; Beth Newcome at Kalamazoo College.

Martha Green, '07, and Zella Corbett, '08, entered the University of Chicago at the opening of the autumn quarter.

Hazel Rollins, class of '11, has entered the training school for nurses of the Homeopathic Hospital, at Ann Arbor, Mich.

Beulah Litchfield, '08, attended summer school at Madison, Wis. She is teaching this year at her home in Flanagan, Ill.

Nellie Odbert, '07, sends subscription from Northampton, Mass., where she is entering on her senior year in Smith College.

Marie Hakes, '11, is a student at the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., while her sister, Nona, is in the high school there.

Jessie Campbell, '07, who graduated at Wellesley last June, expects to spend the winter with her brother James who is at Leland Stanford University.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Emery announce the marriage of their daughter, Izelle Opal, to Raymond Adda Scott on Wednesday, August 2, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Eva Roberts, '11 (college), and Winifred Seeger, '11 (academy), have entered the University of Nebraska, Miss Roberts as a junior and Miss Seeger as a freshman.

Mrs. Florence Bailey Farnsworth of St. Charles, S. Dak., writes of pleasant memories of Seminary days, and of her interest in sending one of her young friends here.

Ruby Hughes, a student here for several years, is teaching science in the high school at Mishawaka, Ind. Her sister, Mabel, is a pupil at Frances Shimer this year.

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Among changes in addresses received recently are: Mrs. Anna Roper Thayer, 3800 Indiana Ave., Chicago; and Hazel Eddy Utley, 5852 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

Floy Browning writes from her home in Hamilton, Mont., that she expects to attend a school in California this year. She was out of school last year on account of illness.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Frances Wood Gove to Cecil Shannon Lynch, September 5, at Richland, Mo. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch will reside at Columbia, Mo.

A note in the summer from Mrs. Matie Miles Stearns, a Seminary pupil in '87-'88, speaks of pleasant recollections of the days spent at Mt. Carroll. Her present address is Santa Rosa, New Mexico.

Many students of the Seminary will remember Katherine McGrath, '92, of whose death we have recently learned, and her sister, Sara McGrath Weaver, who now lives in Jackson, Mich., 211 East High Street.

A note from Agnes Livesey, 2808 Capital Ave., Omaha, speaks of her interest in the *Quarterly* and her pleasure at seeing familiar names therein, even though it has been many years since she was a student here.

Helen Eacker, '77, now resides in Lawrence, Kansas, where she is making a home for her sister's children in order that they may have educational advantages. Miss Eacker is secretary of the State Suffrage Association.

A copy of the first *Biennial Register and Circular* of the Mt. Carroll Seminary, issued in August, 1855, was recently furnished the School by Mrs. M. L. Dodson, whose mother, Mrs. Lydia Orcutt Petty, was one of the first pupils.

Carol Robinson, daughter of Mrs. Clara White Robinson, class of '76, Springfield, Ill., has opened a studio in Chicago, 6135 Monroe Ave., and is prepared to do concert work in addition to teaching. The press notices of her work are very interesting.

A recent letter from Mrs. Neva Davis Warren-Scott, Ceylon, Knockdene Park, Belfast, Ireland, speaks of her two children, "a little Irish boy—Stuart Warren-Scott, and a little Irish girl—Patricia Warren-Scott," and adds that she still has a warm corner in her heart for Mt. Carroll, though Ireland holds most of her interests.

Among those who have recently renewed subscription to the *Quarterly* are the following: Olive Place McFarland, Ohio, Neb.; Edna P. Ames, Chicago Heights, Ill.; Loie Kelly Thompson, Ortonville, Minn.; C. W. Freligh, Cuyahoga Falls, O.; Frances Walker Clarke, Calamus, Ia.; Mrs. Mary Hazelton Orcutt, Omaha, Neb.; Angie C. Benton, University Park, Colo.; Mrs. Mary Tapscott Edmunds, Pendleton, Ore.; Edith L. Gould, Eaton, O.

